THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

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Original Poetry.

"WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?"—*Crude.*

BY GEO. A. RICKS.

Not he who puts on friendship's guise
To flatter to your face,
And says you are both just and wise,
A paragon of grace.

Not he who comes when fortune smiles,
To revel at your board;
And thus "the idle hours" beguile,
While riches you afford.

Not he who comes with solemn strains,
To tell how others do;
And of his fellow-man complains;
Beware, he talks of you.

Not he who says a snare is laid,—
"I'll tell you if you choose:"
Of such a friend I am afraid;
A *friend* doth bring good news.

But he who loves you still the same,
In sickness as in health;
'Tis he who merits friendship's name,
In poverty or wealth.

And he who tries to hide your faults,
And bids you strive to mend;
Who in kindness doth your wrongs assault,
He truly is your friend.

Spanish Fork, Dec. 6, 1860.

Original Contribution.

"OH, TASTE IT!"

CERTAINLY, young man; put the poisoned chalice to your lips. Don't be so singular as to refuse to drink with a friend. Throw away your old fogy-ish notions for once, and be a man. Assert your freedom—show society that you can drink whisky or you can let it alone. I would'nt be afraid of a little liquor. Pshaw, it won't hurt you. Just take a little to make you feel good—to make you lively and merry. I would'nt give a snap for one of your straight-faced, sober, precise sort of fellows. Give me the companion who can toss off his friend's health in a glass of sparkling champagne, exhilirating brandy, or foaming beer. Besides, nobody will think anything of you till you learn to take your regular dram. If you attend a social party, you are regarded as a sort of disagreeable intruder. The women don't think half as much of you as they do of the half tight, or in polite parlance, the *elevated* young or old men, who can cut capers like crazy monkeys, flirt with them and whirl them round like tops, and then take inexcusable liberties, which of course give no offence and no one is expected to resent, because "he didn't know what he was doing." Even your wife won't think as much of you. You may deny yourself every luxury and extra expense to add to her comfort, and procure her a comfortable home—but it's all nonsense, she'll think a great deal more of you, if you'll just show yourself a good fellow—take a little with your friends—just enough, you know, to make you feel funny—and make a fool of yourself. If you'll only "cut up" a little at parties with her—get tight occasionally, and spend a good share of what little money you have, on sleigh rides in the winter—in short if you'll just act the fool and keep up a continual whirl of excitement, she'll like you all the better, and won't mind a dilapidated house, or barefooted children. Learn to take your dram by all means, young man. You are not a man till you do.

But stop, young man. This may all be true, But there is another side to the picture. While you are tossing off another's health, you are tossing off your own too. While you are gaining the respect (?) of others, you are losing your own. You are laying the foundation of future disease, poverty, wretchedness and premature death. If you'll listen to me, you won't "taste it," even though urged by those most dear to you on earth—though wounded by their shafts of sarcasm and ridicule; though unappreciated by those you love most, and for whose happiness you are laboring and denying yourself; though you should not be regarded as a welcome member of society. Never mind; the time will come, when you will be appreciated, honored, loved. Take my advice, and *Don't taste it.*

SIRIUS.

DIFFICULTIES OF SCRIPTURE.—An old man said: "For a long time I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture, until at last I came to the conclusion that reading the Bible was like eating fish. When I find a difficulty I lay it aside and call it bone. Why should I choke on a bone when there is so much nutritious meat?"

Selections.

THE LITTLE REDCAPS OF KERLEAU.

A BRETON TALE.

IN a corner of the courtyard of the old Castle of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling stone statue of a peasant, which has stood there for many ages.

In the days when good Christians reached Heaven by faith and good works, Satan was forced to exercise his wits to draw them into his snares; he was therefore much more frequently to be seen among men at that time than he is now (for in these days he has no need to come to us, as we of our own accord go to him). But whatever forethought he might exercise, and whatever pains the evil spirit might take, his most carefully prepared plots would sometimes fail, even when brought to bear upon the simple ones.

There was, then, at that time, in the commune of Eleven, a poor peasant, named Laurent; he was a widower, and had no other possession in the world than a beautiful daughter, the pearl of the country, who went by the name of fair Jeanette; but though the love of money was then less prevalent than it is now, no one envied the good man his treasure, and none of the lads of the parish, though they were always delighted at an opportunity of dancing with Jeanette, and paid her fine compliments, ever thought of marrying her.

"Ah! if I had but a good farm," said poor Laurent to himself, "I'd make Jeanette worth being looked after by the best lads in the commune; but with the poor wages of a day-laborer, how can I put anything aside? If the Count of Largoet would only give me some assistance, I would clear some of his land for him, and we should both be gainers by the bargain."

Hunger, they say, brings the wolf out of the forest, and father Laurent, having laid all the plans, paid a visit to the castle of Largoet, and proposed to the Count to take a part of his land, and get it into order, if he would make him a good advance.

"Very good," said the Count; "I will give you a hundred crowns, a good herd of cattle, and all the tools you want, but by this time three years you must have cleared, and planted, and b[illegible]

Thoroughly delighted with his bargain, Laurent confidently set to work. He built a cottage for himself and his daughter, and stalls for the cattle; for in those days, with a hundred crowns, a great many stones could be put one upon another.

When once they were lodged, the good man engaged laborers, who cut ditches, plowed the land, and sowed a great field, while they lived the whole year upon what was borrowed. But, at the expiration of twelve months, Laurent found himself far poorer than at the beginning, for he was in debt, and he had hardly any corn, as the harvest had been bad, his laborers, who had been badly fed, and not paid at all, had all left him.

One day, when the unfortunate Laurent was digging a trench alone, and the sweat was running in streams from his brow, and his limbs were aching with fatigue, he lamented his hard lot, and, clutching his hair, cried out:

"Yes, I would, I'd give myself to the devil for a mere nothing."

"Here I am, at your service," said Satan, who was immediately at hand.

"No, no, by no means, thank you," said Laurent; "I prefer working alone."

"Well, but I'll work for you, and without wages."

"Oh, no! you never give anything for nothing," said the peasant.

"Come," said Satan, "don't go on arguing, but let's make a bargain. I pity you, for I am a good hearted fellow, and I'll work for you a year and a day for nothing, on the condition that you'll always supply me with work; but the very first time it fails, I——"

"You'll carry me off," said the peasant. "Well, then I decline."

"By no means, you old idiot!" said Satan; "it isn't you I'd have, but your daughter."

"You'd have my daughter! Go along with you!" said the exasperated Laurent.

"Well, but if you always remain poor, you'll have no means of getting your daughter married."

"Well, then, let her be an old maid all her life; I don't care."

"Yes, it's possible you don't care; but how about her?"

Poor Laurent set himself to think. "There's a great sight o' work to be done here, and I shall easily employ him for a year and a day; he'll be awfully cunning if he contrives to do all I shall give him."

"Well," he said, at length, "I—"

"You refuse?" said Satan.

"No, on the contrary, I accept."

"Well, then, master, what shall I do?"

"Finish this ditch, while I go and rest."

As long as there were fields to be plowed and sown, grass to be cut, corn to be thrashed, and wagons to be built, all went on well, and they were quite at their ease; but after eight days of hard labor, there was not much left to be done, and the fear of finding nothing for his workman to do began to torment the good man, who looked at his daughter with fear and trembling. Day and night he racked his brain to find some means of occupying the activity of Satan; he lost his appetite, and he daily grew thinner and sadder.

But one morning, when he got up, he had quite lost his gloomy and morose manner, and seemed almost beside himself with joy; and when his workman came to ask for work, Laurent in a careless manner took him by the shoulder, and said:

"I am very well pleased with you, for you work capitally; but I don't like you to be always toiling so hard; so to-day I'm going to give you something to do that won't tire you. Just go and fetch a fork out of the stable, and I'll meet you in the yard."

So while he was gone to the stable to fetch the fork, Laurent went up into the loft, and emptied down into the yard, a great sack of wheat, and then coming to the door when Satan returned, he said:

"Just throw me up this wheat with your fork, and I'll measure it into the sack."

So the devil set to work, plunging his fork again and again into the heap of wheat, without picking up a single grain.

"Confound it!" he cried out, with an oath, "what dog's work have you given me here?" and he leaned upon his fork in despair.

"Well, my fine fellow," said Laurent, "if you won't do my work, you can go and get some elsewhere, for I'm not going to feed you for nothing! Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, I understand," growled Satan, furious at being thus outwitted. "I will leave you, but I'll have my revenge some day." And he disappeared.

A short time after this, a foreigner having bought this land, which the devil had put into such good condition, built upon it the castle of Kerleau, the ruins of which are still standing, and Laurent, now became a rich man, having no longer any difficulty in marrying his daughter Jeannette, was making preparations for her nuptials with a rich young farmer. He was anxious to have a magnificent wedding, and determined that everything should be in the best style; so he bought the finest cloth that could be found, and selected the most renowned tailor in the country to make the clothes. The tailor's name was Nicholas, and he did his work in a manner that no one could understand. He was seen to cut out the cloth, but no one ever saw him sewing; however, the clothes which were intrusted to him were always well made, were strongly sewed, and were always finished by the day on which he had promised them. As soon as he had taken the measure, he [illegible] put the pieces into a Nicholas was a wizard, but a great many said that he had sold himself to the devil, and they were not far from the mark; for when Satan knew that Nicholas had been sent for to Kerleau to make the wedding clothes he came to him and said:

"I have got to have my revenge upon that fellow Laurent, and I reckon upon your doing me a good turn: now you must give me his daughter, or it will be the worse for you! Do you understand me, you tippler?"

"All right," said the tailor. "But how and when shall I deliver Jeannette to you?"

"Oh, I leave you to the choice of the means; but as you are going to Kerleau, to-morrow, to-morrow I must have Jeannette. Now I warn you not to fail."

So the next day Nicholas was at Kerleau, and began to cut out the cloth early in the morning, when suddenly he said to Jeannette, who was watching him:

"Good gracious! what a bother! I'm pulled up short for want of my tools. I've left my box behind me, and I can't get on for want of it."

"Oh, never mind," said the girl, "I'll go and fetch it for you."

"You're no end of a good girl, Jeannette," said the tailor; "here's my key; you'll find the box on the board just beneath the window. But mind you don't open it, or you'll meet with a misfortune."

"No, no, ease your mind on that score," said Jeannette. "I won't open it." And she ran off.

When she had got the box, she put it under her arm, and carried it carefully without venturing even to look at it. Presently she thought she heard something inside it—yes, there it was again; a regular whispering, and tittering, and what a queer clatter—what an odd noise it is. "I wonder whether I could see through the keyhole;" so she took the key out. "Bother! I can't see anything—the box must be double. If I were to open it—only a little bit? No, that won't do, Nicholas told me that there would be some accident if I did. However, it was only to frighten me that he said so! He's a cunning fellow, and does not want his secret to get wind. It's all nonsense; what could happen if I did just look into it? If there is an animal inside, it can't eat me, for it's not as big as I am."

Reasoning thus, Jeannette, who was then in the middle of a wide common, gently opened the lid of the box about an inch, but no sooner had she done this, than a whole host of little dwarfs—not so large as your thimble, each with a little red cap upon his head—leapt to the ground, and dancing around her, shrieked at the top of their voices:

"Some work, mistress, some work!"

Jeannette stood quite stupefied, with her mouth open, and looking at the little men as they gambolled about her. But at this demand for work, she thought she was lost unless she could satisfy them; so she cried out:

"Come, little red caps, pull up all the brushwood on the common."

So they immediately began to pull up all the tufts of broom, and in an instant the whole common was cleared.

"Some work, mistress, some work!" they cried again.

"Make a great pile of the tufts you have pulled up," said Jeannette. And they made a heap as high as an oak.

"Some work, mistress, some work!" said they again.

"Now, my little men," said Jeannette, "climb up to the top of this pile and jump down into the box." Whereupon they clambered up to the top and leapt lightly down. As soon as the last was in the box, Jeannette double-locked it, and ran with it as hard as she could to the tailor.

So Nicholas took all the pieces of cloth which he had cut, and stuck needles and thread into them, and then opened his box to give them to his dwarfs to sew; but at the sight of the little men, who stretched out their hands, thoroughly stained green, he cried out:

"What have you been doing, Jeannette, with my little men, that they have made their hands so dirty?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I am sorry to say, that in running back as fast as I could, I let the box slip, and all the poor little men fell upon the grass, and when I picked them up I forgot to wash their hands."

"Ah! Jeannette," said the tailor, "you are very fortunate to have fared no worse."

"Well, never mind," she answered, "and as your little men are hard at work, come and taste our cider."

So Nicholas drank hard all day to drown his vexation, and at night he could scarcely get up to his room. However, when he was there, he opened his box, and the dwarfs all jumped out and cried:

"Some work, master, some work!"

"Carry me down into the yard," said Nicholas, "I want some fresh air, and my legs won't carry me." So they took him down and placed him on the ground, saying, again:

"Some work, master, some work!"

"Always that same accursed song!" said Nicholas. "Well, pick up all the chips that the stone-masons have been making."

So the little red caps filled every corner of the yard, and soon made a heap of all the chips; then they ran back to Nicholas again, saying:

"Some work, master, some work!"

But Nicholas was snoring, and when they had half awoke him, all that he could say was: "Go to the devil."

At these words the little demons carried off the unhappy tailor, placed him on the heap of grit and chips which they had collected, rolled him [illegible] stone. And then they placed him under that turret, where he stands to this day.—*Once a Week.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.

HOW MURDERERS ARE CONVICTED IN ENGLAND.

IN a London *Times* of recent date, we find the following report of a remarkable trial and conviction of murder:—No surprise will be felt by any one on learning that the trial at the Old Bailey terminated yesterday with the conviction of the prisoner Mullins, who received sentence of death. Although the case was one of circumstantial evidence, the guilt of this man was proved beyond all reasonable doubt. The last few months have been unusually prolific in murders of the worst kind; were it not so the Stepney crime would, probably, have obtained even a larger share of public attention, for the manner in which the nefarious cunning of the murderer led to his own detection is almost new in the annals of crime. Never, in our recollection, has a prisoner more deservedly received sentence of death than this wicked old man. The murder for which he is to die was in the highest degree, cold-blooded and cruel; but even the guilt of this is perhaps surpassed by that which he meditated when he laid his plot for the ruin of Emm. To commit a crime and then to pocket the reward offered for the discovery by falsely denouncing another man, is a refinement of villany which almost borders on romance.

The story is, indeed, one of the most extraordinary that has ever been told in a Court of Justice. As the murder and the first steps toward detection took place in the early autumn, while a large portion of the public was far distant from anything like an English newspaper, we may epitomize in a few lines the main facts of the case as detailed at the various examinations, and at the trial which has just concluded. The murdered person, Mary Emsley, was a widow, about 70 years of age, of very miserly habits. She lived entirely alone, in the neighborhood of Mile-End, not only performing all domestic duties for herself, but going out to collect her rents, for she possessed considerable property in houses. Every Monday she went on this errand, and would bring home some £30, £40, or £50. She was last seen alive about 7 o'clock on the evening of Monday, the 13th of August. On the ensuing Friday, the 17th, a man named Emm, who had been occasionally employed by the deceased, communicated with a Mr. Faith, who had married a daughter of the deceased, and the result was that the house was entered, and Mrs. Emsley was found murdered in a lumber room. Many people had knocked at the door of the house during the preceding three days, but could make no one hear, and it cannot be doubted that she had been murdered in the night between Monday and Tuesday. A reward was offered, first £100, then of £300, and on the 8th of September a communication was made to the police by a man named Mullins, the subsequent accused. He denounced Emm as the murderer, and said that he had been watching Emm's cottage, and had seen him go out into a brick field and hide a parcel. Mullins conducted the police to the spot, and, of course, was the one to put his hand on the parcel, which, sure enough, contained property belonging to the deceased. The parcel was tied round with a dirty apron string. There was an enclosure bound with wax cord. The property consisted of spoons and other articles, together with a check for £10, drawn by a firm who were tenants of Mrs. Emsley, and paid by them to her on the very day she was murdered. However, then possessed this check, and put it into the parcel, may be fairly looked upon as the murderer. The whole gist of the case for the prosecution was to show that not Emm, but Mullins himself, made up the parcel, and hid it in the spot whither he afterward conducted the police.

The evidence, though entirely circumstantial, comes from many different quarters, and the combined effect is to leave no doubt that Mullins, and no one else, had possession of the deceased's property, and used it to ensure the ruin of Emm. It was proved beyond a doubt that Emm went to Stratford on the night of the murder, that he was in company with more than one person up to midnight, and that then he went home to bed. It was also proved that on the day when he was alleged to have hidden the parcel—namely, the 8th of September, four weeks after the murder, he was not out of his cottage till 10 o'clock, Mullins having stated that he saw him in the brick-field between 8 and 9, Emm therefore, being proved innocent, and Mullins' evidence shown to be false, we have very strong grounds for transferring our suspicions to the latter. A number of circumstances cause suspicion to grow into certainty. Mullins was seen about the place where the parcel was found. On the Friday, the day before he made the charge, he was seen at the brick-field. He had been seen on the evening of the murder at about 8 o'clock in the neighborhood of the deceased's house. The witness Raymond positively identified him, and another person saw him passing through Stepney Green.

We are not disposed, however, to attach much importance to this last fact, for the sailor who gave the evidence knew nothing of the prisoner before, and might, as Mullins' counsel suggested have recognised him from the description when he was afterwards [illegible] a good deal in them, and gave notice to the police before Mullins was apprehended. There are, however, much stronger pieces of evidence. On the mantlepiece of Mullins' lodgings was found a piece of string exactly similar to that which bound up the parcel, and there was also wax such as was used for the cord which was tied round the enclosure. It was suggested that Mullins knowing that Emm was a shoemaker, used wax cord in order to give a color to the story that Emm had hidden the parcel. A pencil case belonging to the deceased was disposed of by the prisoner's wife shortly after the murder. Mullins was by trade a plasterer, and the hammer he used exactly fitted the wounds which deprived Mrs. Emsley of life. In the clotted blood was the mark of a nailed boot, and such a boot Mullins had thrown into a dust hole some time after the fatal day.

In short the unusual circumstantial evidence which is forthcoming when these tales of blood are unraveled, leaves no doubt that the prisoner was guilty. He will go to his doom without pity from any one. In times when it is alleged that so many evildoers escape, it is at least satisfactory to find the most deliberate criminal who has come before our Courts for some time has not succeeded in evading justice. This case reveals to us one of the most effective means which Providence uses for the detection of crime. It would seem that in many cases the murderer cannot rest but is impelled by an irresistable force to talk of his crime, and to do something to avert the suspicion which he fancies about to light on him. That Mullins wanted to get the £300, is certain enough; but there is also little doubt that he was urged on by an uncontrolable desire to give public suspicion an object, and that he hoped by the sacrifice of Emm to satisfy inquiry for ever. Be that as it may, the snare which he had set for a guiltless man caught his own foot; his wicked machinations recoiled on his own head, and he has now, after a lengthened trial, the patience, and imparitibility of which the unhappy criminal himself confesses, been found justly guilty of this atrocious crime.

DEVELOPMENT OF LANGUAGE.

EDWARD III. was the first to encourage English composition. During his splendid reign there was a revival of the Anglo-Saxon genius, and the language began a vigorous growth. After having passed through these successive periods of amalgamation, it needed constructing anew. Let us go on from wars to authors.

The English language has been highly favored with minds of rare eminence, who have brought the inherent power and vitality of their native tongue. In every period of its growth, authors of grand and varied styles have given it transparency and copiousness. They arrayed it in garments it had never worn, as in their fertile brains ideas germinated which were not stirring the minds of the mass—as in their souls spiritual cravings started up unfelt by others.

Chaucer, the father of English poetry and a living worshipper of nature, left it wealthier in descriptions of natural objects. He was followed by a vast assembly of poets, who have consecrated it as a temple in which to pour forth great jubilees of song.

In the Elizabethian era of the sixteenth century, words by thousands were naturalized, and the language was endowed with powers of intellectual and spiritual expression. Spenser, with his exquisite fancy and creative genius, drew out its fine musical harmony and the unsuspected richness of its diction. By the minds of poets, this rude, imperfect, and rough implement is polished and refined till it mirrors in all their delicacy the emotions that fill and agitate the human heart.

Shakspeare developed and improved the art of bodying forth visions of the imagination, and of revealing internal and immortal conceptions to a perfection before unknown. Milton gave an example of the glorious vigor with which it could be employed to vindicate the rights of freedom, and with what solemn awe it could be marshaled into verse, to unfold a drama which has human life for its first scene, immensity for its theater, and eternity for its completion.

Bacon and Locke, earnest seekers after truth, in natural and mental science, enlarged the phraseology of our language to explain abstract reasonings, and the gathered facts of observing, inquiring minds.

Edwards, with an intellect of unbending purpose and of rigid logic, carved out its stern and massive features, and gave us a new model of the compact consistency of its logical syntax.

Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and all the brilliant satirists and essayists, wits, historians, and reformers of that age, contributed largely to exhibit its keen-pointedness, its sharp antithesis, its fertile versatility, its pliant adaptedness, bold simplicity, and strong dignity.

Wordsworth showed how it could be used to hymn the divinest meanings, and transport us on its wings to realms of grandeur and loveliness, where thoughts grow flowers and life makes music.

Coleridge taught how it could be made to weave the robes of dreamy mysteries, and to lay open the steps of profound investigations into the labyrinths of recondite problems; he popularized the language of metaphysics.

HABITS OF ANTS.

[illegible] is the habit of certain species to enslave ants of [illegible] species; the other is their habit of making use of an entirely different tribe, the *aphides*, or plant lice, to purvey and prepare their food for them.

The kidnapping habit has been chiefly observed in the red ants; those which are enslaved being of a jet-black. The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female ants are about coming forth from the pupa state; and thus the marauders never interfere with the continuation of the race of the tribes they subjugate. This appears to be a special adaptation of their peculiar instinct; for if the attacks were made on the nests of the negro ants (as they have been called) before those by whom the race is propagated are ready to shift for themselves, these communities must speedily become extinct. When the red ants are about to sally forth on a maraunding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negro ants may be found; these scouts having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest, and seem to report their success. Shortly afterward, the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a van-guard composed of eight or ten ants only; this is continually changed—the individuals which constitute it halting, when they have advanced a little before the main body, falling to the rear, and then being replaced by others. When they arrive near the negro colony they disperse, wandering through the herbage, and hunting about, as if aware of the neighborhood of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlement, and the foremost of the invaders rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes sally forth by thousands; and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues, which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage. The red ants, with their powerful mandibles, tear open the sides of the negro ant-hill, and rush into the heart of the citadel. In a few minutes each of the invaders emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupæ of a worker negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valor of its natural guardians; and the red ants then return to their own nests in perfect order, bearing with them their living burdens. The pupæ of the negro ants appear to be treated by their red captors as entirely their own; and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good-will; they repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvæ, take the pupæ into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the community seems to require; in fact, they conduct themselves entirely as if fulfilling their original destiny; and there can be little question that they have as much enjoyment in the homes in which they have been reared as they would have experienced if brought up in the communities from which they were transported when as yet insensible of the change; for the red ants do not impose upon them labors from which they hold themselves exempt, but all toil alike with the most perfect equality, and seem to find their delight in doing so.

That ants should have their *milch-cattle* seems as extraordinary as that they should have their slaves; it is, nevertheless, a well-established fact. The various species of *aphides*, or plant lice, supply food to different species of ants, by yielding to them the juices which they have themselves extracted from the leaves and young shoots of the plants on which they are found. It even appears that ants make a property of these cows; a certain set keeping possession of the ants inhabiting the branches of a particular tree, or the stalks of a plant, and driving away all intruders who attempt to share their treasures; and sometimes even constructing a sort of inclosure around the pasture when it lies conveniently for their own nest. The common yellow ant is said to be the greatest cow-keeper of the whole tribe; collecting, even within its own nest, a large herd of a kind of aphis that derived its nutriment from the roots of grass and neighboring plants, and rearing their progeny with the same care and assiduity that they bestow upon their own.

In the whole economy of ants, as of social insects, we trace the clearest manifestations of a wisdom and foresight that seems much too great to be attributed to reasoning processes based upon the limited experience of these humble creatures, and too uniform to admit the idea of choice or judgment on their own parts.

EARLY BREAKFAST.

BREAKFAST should be eaten in the morning, before leaving the house for exercise, or labor of any description; those who do it will be able to perform more work, and with greater comfort and alacrity, than those who work an hour or two before breakfast. Besides this, the average duration of the life of those who take breakfast before exercise or work, will be a number of years greater than those who do otherwise. Most persons begin to feel weak after having been engaged five or six hours in their ordinary avocations; a good meal re-invigorates, but from the last meal of the day until next [illegible], whether internal or the cold of mid-winter, or of the poisonous miasm which rests upon the surface of the earth, whether [illegible] of vegetation or a heap of offal. This miasm is more solid, more concentrated, and hence more malignant, about sunrise and sunset, than at any other hour of the twenty-four, because the cold of the night condenses it, and it is on the first few inches above the soil in its most solid form; but as the sun rises, it warms and expands, and ascends to a point high enough to be breathed; and being taken into the lungs with the air, and swallowed with the saliva into the stomach, all weak and empty as it is, it is greedily drank in, thrown immediately into the circulation of the blood, and carried directly to every part of the body, depositing its poisonous influences at the very fountain head of life. When in Cuba many years ago, we observed that the favorite time for travel was midnight; and the old merchants of Charleston may remember that when deadly fevers prevailed in hot weather, they dared not ride into town in the cool of the evening, but midday was accounted the safest. We know, from many years' living in New Orleans, that it was when the evenings and mornings were unusually cool, balmy, and delightful, the citizens prepared themselves for still greater ravages of the deadly epidemic for the first few days following.

If early breakfast were taken in regions where chill and fever, and fever and ague prevail, and if in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room, for the hours including sunset and sunrise, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year, not ten-fold, but a thousand-fold, because the heat of the fire would rarely the miasmatic air instantly, and send it above the breathing point. But it is troublesome to be building fires night and morning all summer, and not one in a thousand who reads this will put the suggestion into practice, it being so "troublesome," requiring no effort to shiver and shake by the hour, daily, for weeks and months together; such is the stupidity of the animal man!—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON dispatches say that at a recent Cabinet conference Gen. Cass was affected to tears, while Mr. Buchanan, in touching language, lamented the prospect or possibility of a disruption during his administration. Of course nothing was done or proposed to be done.

By the census of 1850, it appears that South Carolina had a population of 274,563 whites, 8,960 free colored, and 384,984 slaves—a total of 668,507; that she lost by fugitives or runaways during the year preceding the 1st of July, 1850, *eastern* slaves, an actual loss of one in each 21,061½ of her gross number.

There is general insubordination in the English army. Cases have occurred in Shorncliff, Dover, Portsmouth, Aldershott and other places, where officers and non commissioned officers have been struck and grievously hurt when in the strict discharge of their duty; the men had received no provocation whatever.

Every prisoner confined in Newgate costs the city of London $500 per annum. Were the same amount of money judiciously expended in the prevention of crime, the additional expense to citizens from the depredations of offenders might be avoided. A good hint for New York.